Enter King Richard, Iohn of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

King Richard.

OLde *Iohn of Gaunt*, time honoured *Lancaster*,
Hast thou according to thy oth and band,
Brought hither *Henrie Herford* thy bold sonne,
Here to make good the boystrous late appeale
Which then our leisure would not let vs heare
Against the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray?*

Gaunt. I haue my Leige.

King. Tell me moreouer; hast thou sounded him
If he appeale the Duke on auncient malice,
Or worthily, as a good subiect should,
On some knowne ground of treacherie in him?

Gaunt. As neare as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparant danger seene in him,
Aimde at your Highnesse; no inueterate malice.

King. Then call them to our presence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow our selues will heare
The accuser, and the accused, freely speake:
Hie stomackt are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the sea, hastie as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke, and Mowbray.

Bulling. Many yeares of happy dayes befall
My gratious Soueraigne, my most louing Liege.